Human Documents of Married Life

By Virginia T. Van de Water

Intimate and Human, Intensely Alive, Each Story Presenting a Problem Which Might Occur to Any One of Us at Any Time

WHY I LEFT MY HUSBAND

NOT long ago a woman was talking to me of an acquaintance of mine whose husband was miserly, ill tempered, ill bred, yet whose wife was uniformly patient with him.

"She can stand it all," remarked my friend, "because her husband has always been faithful to her. He has never talked love to, or looked love at, another woman."

The remark set me to thinking. Are there women who can forgive all that a man may do so long as he remains faithful to the letter of his marriage vows? Is the sin of infidelity the only one that the average woman cannot condone? Perhaps that is true, but, if so, I am not like other women. For my husband was faithful to me, as the world counts fidelity. He certainly never made love to any other woman, nor did he care particularly for the society of the opposite sex.

One of the wearing things about a sorrow or a mistake is that one goes over it in her mind, again and again, always with the same wondering thought, "Suppose I had done this or that, might not the result have been different?" Who that has suffered does not know the torture of such futile conjecture? So I, in reviewing my marriage, find myself wondering if, as a girl, I had been trained differently, I might not have been a more judicious wife and made a better husband of the man I married.

But my parents were affectionate, old-fashioned people whose one law of life was that of love. "Bear and forbear," I was told, was the rule for a happy marriage. To efface one's self, if need be, for the sake of the dear one was right. The plan worked well with my parents and in their home. We were a singularly happy and devoted family.

So when I married the man I loved I determined to smooth his pathway through life, and to sacrifice my own wishes when they conflicted with his. This gave him happiness for a few years, and made him selfish. I had not learned that a wife is, to a certain extent, responsible for the character of the man she marries as well as for the characters of the children she bears. The old adage, "Marriage makes or mars a man," is sadly true, and the pitiful part of it is that in trying to make a man comfortable a wife often mars him.

For the first five years of our wedded life we were tolerably happy. My husband's income was sufficient for our wants. We lived in a pretty cottage in a suburban town, and my babies and home kept me confined so closely that I had no time for outside interests or ambitions. My father had given me a musical education, and before my marriage I was known as a rather remarkable pianist.

As a wife and mother I kept up my practicing. That I did this in spite of motherhood cares and housekeeping responsibilities was, perhaps, evidence that I was one of the musicians who really love their art.

Money matters cause more marital unhappiness than all the conjugal infidelities which are supposed to fill the divorce courts. At first the one point of painful feeling between my husband and myself was the financial situation.

I do not mean that my husband was stingy. During the early years of our wedded life he was willing to have me order such clothes as I needed and send the bills to him. He was safe in doing this, for I was not extravagant. Alfred paid the wages of our one servant, settled the housekeeping accounts, wrote out a check for the tailor who made me one handsome street costume each year, but he did not give me money. When we had been married some months I spoke of this to him. He laughed lightly.

"Why, dear girl," he said, "don't I give you all that you want? You know I am willing to get you any little things that you ask for. I can't see what use you have for money beyond car fare and postage stamps."

I flushed uncomfortably. I could not explain to him that I disliked having to ask my husband for every cent I spent. But I tried to explain.

"Well, it is embarrassing not to have a penny. Suppose I want to take a ride on the street car, or suppose a friend asks me to go walking and proposes that we take a cab home—it is uncomfortable not to have a cent in one's pocket."

"Ah-h," he said slowly, "you want your friends to think that you have money of your own? I understand. Hereafter I will hand you a couple of dollars when you want it for car fare and similar trifles. As I have an account at the stable, have the cab charged to me if you need one. Let me know when you require money for stamps and cars—and take this now!"

He laid a two dollar bill on the table and went off to the station to catch the train that would carry him to his office in town.

This was the first time that I had ever been out of temper with my husband.

At another time my husband was planning to be away for several days, and I told him, stammeringly, that I had no money in the house "if anything should happen." He gave his smile of amused and slightly wearied patience, and drew forth a roll of greenbacks. Drawing out three one-dollar bills, he gave them to me with the remark:

"Here, take these to use as you please in case 'anything should happen,' as you say. Remember I gave them to you, however."

His speech left me with an uncomfortable feeling when he told me good-by and went to town. As he was not to be back for three days, he had suggested that I ask an old schoolmate of mine to make me a little visit during his absence. She arrived that noon. In the afternoon she and I went for a stroll down the one business street of our little town. Our only drug store was an agency for a popular candy firm. My friend called my attention to this fact, adding:

"Let's get some caramels—I'm candy-hungry!"

She tried to pay for the pound of sweetmeats, but as she was my guest my ideas of hospitality interfered with my allowing her to do so. I laid one of the dollar bills my husband had given me on the cashier's desk. What would Alfred think? I wondered with a little thrill of apprehension.

I was soon to know. When I reached home I found a telegram from Alfred saying he had received a letter at his office which made his trip unnecessary, and that he would be home to dinner.

We were in our own room that night before he spoke of the money.

"By the way," he said suddenly, "I will need some change tomorrow morning, and have only large bills with me. Let me have those three ones I gave you this morning, will you? I will give them back to you before I go on my next trip," he added teasingly.

And then I had to admit that I had used sixty cents. He asked for what I had needed it, and I felt like a naughty child when I murmured guiltily, "Caramels."

The humor of the situation did not strike me then. Even now I cannot smile at it, for I remember his contemptuous laugh.

"You said you wanted to have money on hand 'if anything happened,'" he remarked. "And candy was what happened. I fancy that is the silly kind of thing that would often occur if you had the handling of the family purse."

When the elder of our two boys was five years of age, the firm employing my husband failed. He had little trouble in getting another position, for he had engaging manners and personal magnetism, and was popular with his business acquaintances. But the new position made our moving into the city a necessity.

My husband did not like the idea of an apartment, so we decided to take a house, although our income really did not warrant it. I opened my eyes in horror as I heard what the rent would be, but Alfred, always sanguine when prompted by desire, assured me that I had no need to worry, as that was his business, not mine. "If I can stand it I guess you can," he said shortly, and I was silenced.

But I soon learned that he could not meet all the expenses incidental to a city residence. He became morose, unhappy, and, at last, when I begged him to confide in me, he burst forth with:

"Our family costs too much! Somehow other men can get on with a salary like mine. But we can't! I suppose you feel now that you're in town you must make a splurge, for your bills are half as much again as they used to be.

"You have ordered new carpets, new hangings, and new curtains, while in the country you were satisfied with those you had."

I saw he was in one of his unreasonable moods, but I tried to explain. "My dear Alfred," I pleaded, "I told you that it would cost a great deal to furnish a city house, and I wanted to make the things we had out in the country go as far as they would, but you insisted that I get the carpets, rugs, and hangings of which you speak. Yet I did not get as handsome articles as you suggested."

"Oh, that's it!" he exclaimed. "Say, 'I told you so!' but the fact remains that I advised you to get what was necessary, and, of course, to buy good things, thinking that you would have sense and judgment enough to go slowly and easily. The result is but another proof that you have no idea of the value of money. It serves me right for thinking that you had!"

Yet, the next week, he proposed that we engage a second maid. I showed him how much this would increase our expenses, but he said he knew where the money was coming from, and insisted that I hire a girl who should be waitress and chambermaid. The maid-of-all-work thus became cook and laundress.

Oh, that first winter in town! How hard it was! Burdened with the sense of loneliness in a great city, with the knowledge that we were living right up to our income and not saving a cent, that my boys missed the country air and the freedom to run out of doors and play as they used to on our quiet suburban streets, I would lie awake far into the small hours, listening to the wind moan about the house, and longing for the little cottage thirty miles away.

True to my theory of unselfishness, I told my husband nothing of all this, but I tried to make him love his new home. When bills were large he would regret that I "could not be content in the country," forgetting that I wanted to remain there, and that he and insisted on our coming away. But, little by little, the city life attracted him, and at last he joined a fashionable club, after which he complained less of the "barren town life." He told me little of his business affairs until one day when he came to me and asked me if I would go to a notary public with him, as he wanted to have me sign my name with his so that he could get some ready money.

"But I don't understand," I said, "what my signature has to do with it!"

Then, in a sudden impulse of confidence, he told me that he had not the money for the rent, and wanted to borrow something on his life insurance, and, as he was insured for my benefit, my signature was necessary.

It was at this juncture I determined I must do something to increase the family income, so, without mentioning my plan to my husband, I went to a professor of music with whom I had been acquainted for years and asked him if he would tell me how to get a few pupils. He knew of my musical ability and recommended me to several wealthy persons who had children to be taught, and who were able to pay the prices which he told me to ask. When, after some months, I had made two hundred dollars by this work, I confessed my secret to my husband, just when he was again in financial difficulty. I had hoped the fact that I could hand him some money would lift a load from his mind. To my astonishment, he became furiously angry.

"To think that you, my wife, should demean me by earning money!" he exclaimed. "It is a part and parcel of the whole thing nowadays! You are not satisfied to live simply, to economize and help your husband as the dear, old-fashioned women used to, but you must get out into the world and hustle, just as men do!"

There was much more said. I apologized and told him I only meant to help him. At first he would not forgive me. Then, suddenly, his whim changed, as unexpectedly and quickly as a weather-vane will veer about in a southerly gale.

"Poor girl!" he said, putting his arm about me. "What else could I expect?—I, a man who cannot supply his wife with the luxuries most women have! What a failure I am! No wonder that, seeing other women with handsomer homes and more pleasures than you have, you should use your talent to get these things!"

I hastened to reiterate my statement that my desire was to be of assistance to him, and, to prove it, I pressed upon him the money I had earned. He protested at first, then took it to please me and "just as a loan." He never offered to return it, and I never asked for it.

And here I acknowledge that I made the greatest of blunders. This is one of the things over which I ponder and say, "If I had acted otherwise." But such speculation is useless. I appreciate that what I then called my unselfish duty was a sinful error. I should have allowed Alfred to be independent of me, since he claimed to be. I might have been happier.

For by this time I appreciated that I was not happy. I had my children, my two bonny boys, and it was for their sakes that I had tried to make myself believe that their father was all that I wished him to be. Yet his attitude toward them was one of the things that widened the breach between us. He loved his boys in a certain way, especially when I paid little attention to them. But he was jealous of my devotion to them, and, when angry, was very severe with them. I have a theory that parents should seem to agree in the management of their children, so when Alfred was unjust to the boys I said nothing at the time, but afterward my sense of justice would lead me to explain the circumstances. Such explanations irritated my husband. I remember one afternoon when he came home and found lying on the table in his room his favorite meerschaum with the mouth-piece broken. David, our elder son, then a lad of ten, chanced to be passing the door. His father called to him. I knew from his voice that he was angry, and I hastened to the scene. He had the child by the arm and was asking:

"Who laid that pipe there?"

"I did, father," replied the boy. "I picked it up from the floor where—"

He got no further, for his father struck him across the face. "Of course you picked it up from the floor after dropping it there!"

"But, father, I did not drop—"

"No lies, sir! See here," turning to me, "what this puppy has done! Little cur! Little liar!"

I interposed gently, "My dear, perhaps he did not break the pipe. Did you, son?" I asked of the frightened boy.

"No, mother, I only picked it up when I saw it lying on the floor."

His father gave a derisive laugh. "And I suppose it fell down of itself from the pipe-rack and broke itself," he sneered.

"But, father—"

"Go to your room!" ordered my husband, and, as the lad turned to obey, he caught hold of his arm and shook him roughly.

I kept silence until the door of the boy's room shut behind him, then I said: "Alfred, you are behaving foolishly. How do you know David broke the pipe?"

But he was past reasoning with, and answered me with a flow of sarcasm that was so pitifully weak and silly that, as I listened to him, to his railings and childish fury, I found all respect for him dying within me.

When he paused for breath I went to my own room. Later I descended to the kitchen and interviewed the maids, asking them if they knew who had touched my husband's pipes that day. The chamber-maid remembered that she had knocked one out of the rack when dusting.

"Do not forget to tell the boys' father of it," I said, "for he thinks one of them did it."

I was in the dining-room when the maid made her confession. She was sorry, she said, but it was an accident. My husband remarked that he was sorry, too, as the pipe was a valuable one, but that he knew "accidents would happen." He never apologized to his son, nor referred again to the matter.

Yet what could I do or say when my boys would come to me after such a scene and express their indignation? It taxed all my ingenuity to seem to explain their father's attitude. I pleaded that he had business troubles, that he was not well, that he was nervous, that he loved them truly, and that they must not mind his little irritable ways. I knew that I was not honest with them. But he was their father, with whom they must live, with whom I must live.

When the younger boy was fifteen, my mother died. To me, her only child, she left enough money to buy the house in which we dwelt, and to lay aside something toward my boys' education. I did not tell my husband what the small amount was, only that it was not much. I was sure that if he knew the real sum he would some day come to me with a complaint of the cost of living, and that I would weakly help him out by letting him use my money. In justice to my boys I had no right to do this.

When my mother died, my father came to live with us. That was my mother's wish, and my husband agreed willingly to this plan, for I was in great sorrow. At such times he was always considerate.

I had thought the situation trying before my father came to live with us. After that it was well-nigh intolerable.

My father's health was not strong, and I had to watch his diet carefully, and see that he did not overexert himself. There never was a more sweet-natured man than he, nor a more loving parent. He must have seen the difficulties in my path, for he tried, in little unobtrusive ways, to make things easy for me. All these small acts of thoughtfulness Alfred would resent, for he was jealous of my love for anyone but himself. I remember his anger when father made me a present of an easy chair, upholstered in a color which my husband did not like. When he came home that night I called him into the library to see father's gift to me. Fortunately the donor had gone up-stairs to get ready for dinner and did not witness my husband's dark looks as he surveyed the piece of furniture.

"So you like that, do you?" he sneered. "Well, I suppose, as the immortal Abe said, 'if people like that kind of thing that is the kind of thing they like.'"

"But, Alfred," I faltered, "it is very handsome."

"Perhaps you think so. For my part I think it is hideous, and an unnecessary addition to the house."

"But father meant to please us," I reminded him.

"To please you, perhaps," he replied. "I beg you to remember that any addition to this house is not a present to me, nor is it made for my benefit. The house is yours, you know—yours, by the right of purchase with your mother's money, and I have no claims here. You are careful to remind me of that by buying things without consulting me, and your father aids and abets you in it by sending home furniture which I do not like, and which I shall never use."

During all these years Alfred's income increased steadily, but we had no more money to spare than when he drew a smaller salary. Our expenses kept pace cruelly with our resources.

One of the hardest things I had to bear during the last winter of my father's life was my husband's resentment of my care of him. The disease that was killing the elderly man made him weaker each month, but to the last he kept up and about and dreaded to give trouble. He insisted upon paying higher board to me, as he said that he knew the delicacies he must have to suit his weak digestion were an added expense. He had a nurse come in and attend to him each night and morning to relieve me of care. Yet my husband would fly into a temper whenever I spent ten minutes with the sick man while he was at home. One evening my husband and I were going to dinner at the house of Alfred's employer. I dressed rather early, as did Alfred, and, being entirely ready, I went into my father's room to tell him good night. As I came out of his door my husband stood at the head of the stairs awaiting me. He asked me, stiffly, to come down to the library. I went with him, silently, for I knew there was a storm brewing. Closing the door behind me, he said:

"May I inquire if you intend to make a slave of yourself to your father's whims for the next ten years? He may live as long as that, you know."

"He cannot live very long, Alfred," I said. "I hardly think you appreciate how serious his condition is."

"TO THINK THAT YOU, MY WIFE, SHOULD DEMEAN ME BY EARNING MONEY!"

"Well, you appreciate it enough for two," he said, with the curl of the lip that always exasperated me. "Where do I come in in this deal?"

The scales fell from my eyes, and I saw how, through years of folly, I had fostered this man's selfishness.

I had time to wash my face in cold water to steady my nerves a little before the cab in which we were to go to dinner was announced. During the drive to our destination not a word was said by either my husband or myself.

Yet I was hardly prepared for the toast which my husband offered when, toward the close of the dinner, our host laughingly challenged each man to drink to that which he loved best. Alfred sprang to his feet, holding his glass of champagne high above his head. The candles lighted up his handsome, beaming face, his fine eyes, the gleam of his teeth as his brilliant smile flashed forth.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "stand up, every one of you! For I drink to the dearest thing in life or death to me—my peerless, beautiful wife!"

When the toast had been drunk amid loud applause, my hostess leaned toward me, tears in her honest eyes.

'Oh, my dear!" she said, "it is worth while to have lived to win such a love as that!"

Three months after the scene I have described, my father died. I could not weep as I stood by his open grave, but Alfred, burying his face in his hands, shook with sobs. The officiating clergyman told me afterward that my husband "felt as if he had lost an own father."

Six months later my elder son married the girl of his choice. He had accepted a position in Colorado, and, after the wedding, the young couple went west to their new home.

The house was sadly quiet during the long winter after my son's departure. His brother was now through college and doing night work on a newspaper. He had but one evening off a week, and insisted on devoting that to me, although I begged him to make calls or seek young society. But he had always been a "mother's boy" and was, he said, happier with me. My husband spent most of his evenings at his club, coming in late. He had bought himself a handsome saddle horse, and after office hours would take long rides with his friends. Sometimes he would dine with these friends before returning home. I always ordered dinner for the usual hour, on the chance of his coming in, but half of the time I sat down to the table alone. The loneliness and strain began to tell on me. I was thin and nervous and so far from well that my son insisted I must have some recreation. His "evening off" was Saturday, and, one week, as a surprise to me, he got theater tickets for that evening and appeared at the door of my room about five o'clock in the afternoon to tell me to dress to go out to dinner with him and to the play afterward. He kissed me as I exclaimed with pleasure.

"It is so long since I have had any little fun like this!" I said.

"Well, you shall have it any time I can give it to you, mother mine. I wish I could be with you all the time."

Then I remembered my husband. "But suppose your father comes home to dinner?" I said hesitatingly.

"I can't help it if he does, mother. I have kept count, and out of seven evenings he has been at home to dinner just three times, and you have, for the other four nights, dined alone, and spent the entire evening by yourself. This kind of thing has got to stop. If he does not consider your convenience, you need not consider his."

I laid my hand on his lips. "Don't talk like that, dear!" I begged. "Your father has always done as he pleased, and I have encouraged him in it. He is master in his house and has a right to go and come as he chooses. I do not want to be selfish."

"And I want you to be just this once. I do not believe that father will come home, anyway. And if he does, he should be glad that you are out having a good time."

"I will leave a little note of explanation for him," I said.

We had a lovely time, Donald and I. It made me feel almost young again to sit opposite the good-looking boy at dinner, to hear the music of the orchestra, and to have to make no effort to please anybody. My boy always understood me, and if I talked he was pleased; if I was silent, he did not mind. The play was "Peter Pan," and I was as much charmed by it as were the children in the audience. We chatted happily of the events of the evening all the way home. As we reached the front door I saw a light in the library windows and knew that my husband was waiting up for me. A glance at his face showed me that he was angry. I tried to ignore his manner and to tell him cheerfully what a pleasant time we had had.

"Who paid for this nonsense?" he asked sharply.

"It was Donald's treat," I said, before my son could reply. And I tried to smile.

"A fool and his money are soon parted!" remarked my husband. "It's a pity, sir, that instead of throwing away your cash you don't try to lift some of the load from the shoulders of the father to whom you have been an expense all these years."

I tried to check my son's reply, but he was no longer a child, but a man, and answered hotly:

"I was not aware, father, that you were burdened by my support. I have watched this menage for many years, and, so far, I cannot see that Dave and I have been an expense to anyone except mother."

"And who do you suppose supports her?" roared my husband furiously.

"I will if she will let me!" was the unexpected rejoinder.

But why recall all the painful scene that followed? Until my husband and my son faced each other in anger that night I had never known actual terror. I feared that Alfred would strike Donald, and, knowing how ungovernable my husband's rage was, I trembled for the result if he did. The climax was reached when the father ordered the son to "leave the house tomorrow morning and never set foot in it again."

In the silence of my room in the early morning hours I determined to leave my husband. I would sell my house and take an apartment where Donald and I could have a quiet little home together. By the terms of my father's will I had enough to live on economically for the rest of my days. I would be a burden to nobody. I knew that my husband's income was sufficient to support him in luxury. He did not need me; my son did. I no longer loved my husband. I could not stand life with him another day.

Alfred and I had been married for twenty-seven years. When I left him my uncle asked me if, after enduring the condition of affairs for over a quarter of a century, I could not have borne it to the end of my life. I asked him whether, if a life sentence had been pronounced upon him, he would have refused, after twenty-seven years, to have the sentence commuted.

HOME TOWN HELPS

CITIES NOW MORE HEALTHY

No Longer Eat Up Men as a Furnace Eats Coal—How Health Is Guarded.

Mortality statistics are showing that the great cities of the world no longer eat up men as a furnace eats coal, and that they are outgrowing their dependence on rural districts for fresh human supplies. This interesting theme is worked out by a writer in the Independent, William B. Bailey, assistant professor of political economy at Yale.

The death rate in London, for instance, from 1881 to 1885 was 20.9 in each 1,000 people. In 1910 it was 12.7. New York dropped from 27.5 to 16, Chicago from 21.5 to 15.1, Berlin from 26.5 to 14.7, St. Petersburg from 32.8 to 24.1 and Paris from 24.4 to 16.7.

In medieval times pestilence found cities easy prey; today the great communities, guarded as they are by alert, intelligent, vigorous health departments, are beginning to act as outposts against the spread of disease. Tuberculosis, malaria and other destroyers of life may stalk unmolested through the country districts, but when they reach cities a determined fight is made against them. The health department of Chicago at the opening of every vacation season issues bulletins warning citizens against the perils of the uninspected well water they may find on farms and at many summer resorts.

Not a few of the advantages of the country—the broad open spaces, clear air and opportunity for exercise—are now given to the cities in parks and playgrounds. If the movement keeps up the cities of the future will be more beautiful as well as more healthful than the country whose benefits they borrow.

Rapid transportation—when it is both frequent and reliable—is one of the great factors in promoting city health. The car lines enable a city's population to spread out so that every man, woman and child has a chance to get fresh air and sunshine. The falling death rate in the chief cities demonstrates that those who seek protection shall perhaps find it best in the centers where the peril of numbers forces the crowd to fight unceasingly against disease.

WEAR AND TEAR OF STREETS

Weight of Load Being Increased Without Increasing Strength of the Pavements.

We are increasing the weight of loads hauled over our streets and not correspondingly increasing the strength of the pavements to carry them.

The legal limit of a load to be hauled over the streets of this city is 7½ tons. This weight is being constantly exceeded, and the streets are damaged accordingly.

Occasionally we see these heavy loads drawn by long strings of horses, and when horse power is used the damage is greater by reason of the narrower tires usual on the vehicles and the shoes of the straining animals.

But the greatest danger is from the power-driven trucks. In these the horse power can be increased at will, and it is of no use to increase horse power unless the load is increased to correspond.

The damage done by these heavy loads is different from that caused by the swift-moving automobiles. It is not so readily noticed, but it is the more dangerous.

While the tires of power trucks are wider than those of the horse-drawn wagon, there comes a time when the weight, even if distributed over very wide tires, has a crushing force which the ordinary pavement cannot withstand. If the pavement is concrete it is broken, and if basalt blocks they are driven into the ground, in either case very soon resulting in a chuckhole.

The limit of weight of loads which can be properly transported over any public street is the limit of the money which the public is willing to spend on the foundations of its streets.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Gardens on Lamp Posts.

A unique work is being carried on successfully in Minneapolis, for example, where window boxes and hanging gardens have been introduced into the business thoroughfares. Last year more than 15,000 feet of hanging gardens were maintained in the busiest streets. The business houses are regularly canvassed for the purpose, and agreements are made for installing boxes of flowers or shrubbery. A private subscription was started furthermore to install hanging gardens upon the ornamental lamp posts of the city. More than 500 of these attractive miniature gardens have been installed by an association which regularly waters the plants and replaces the flowers when they wither. As the result of this public-spirited work and at very trifling expense Minneapolis has won the enviable title of the "City of Flowers and Hanging Gardens."—Christian Herald.

One Opportunity.

Recently a lady amateur song writer sent to a popular actress-vocalist the words of a new song which she had written. The actress could see nothing attractive in the song, and read the verses to her husband. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, when she had finished. "What's she talking about? What does she call it?" "She calls it 'I wonder if He'll Miss Me,'" was the reply. "Well," said the husband, "if he does he ought never to be trusted with a gun again!"

Fallible Judgment of Rich Men.

Wealthy men are credited with so keen a perception that average mortals believe them infallible in matter of investments. No human is infallible; the appraisals of property of those wealthy men whose deaths occurred in recent years have shown every one to have made injudicious investments. E. H. Harriman's account was littered with "cats and dogs." So even was that of Russell Sage. Schedules of the property owned by the late Darius Ogden Mills, published recently, show thousands of shares of worthless stuff. Of one concern alone, the Holy Terror Mining company, there were 20,000 shares. The estate had 2,000 shares of Rock Island common, which were bought at a much higher price than that of 3½, now quoted on the stock exchange.

Advanced Japanese Woman.

The Empress Haruko, who died a short time ago, is said to have done much to make possible the many reforms credited to her husband, the late Emperor Mutsuhito. She advanced in step with her husband, realizing that one must either advance or go backward, as there is no standing still in an age of progress. Since her time Japanese women have taken a larger part in the affairs of the life of that country.

Speech of Little Value.

Nine-tenths of the things that have been said might as well have been left unsaid for all the benefit they are to humanity.

Plan Memorial to "Mad Anthony."

The Chester County (Pa.) Historical society is planning to place a marker upon the old homestead of Gen. Anthony Wayne of Paoli, and hold commemorative exercises there some time in early fall.

The Chester County society will seek the aid of the Pennsylvania state historical commission, recently appointed, to suitably mark many places of historic interest in Chester county, and the state commission will be asked to take care of the old Friends' meeting house at Birmingham, near the Brandywine battlefield.

It is proposed to erect a tablet near that old Goshen meeting house, near which there came near being a battle between the American army and the British troops in the fall of 1777. There came a heavy rainstorm as the firing began, and the forces withdrew from the neighborhood.

Turtles Far From Home.

Drifting slowly with the equatorial current, a huge tree covered with barnacles and in possession of three turtles was sighted off the Pacific coast recently by the captain of a San Francisco steamer. The tree was 40 feet long and had been floating so long that its limbs appeared to be perfectly petrified.

Economic Epigram.

A truth has never yet been protested at the Bank of Good Citizenship; while a lie, which is only a counterfeit of the truth, will some day return to the maker dishonored.